

Picasso

In 1881, in the sun soaked town of Malaga in southern Spain, a woman named Maria made a masterpiece; she gave birth to a child she named Diego Jose Francisco de Paula Paul Nepomuceno Maria de Remedios Ceprano de la Santisma Trinidad Colatop Ruiz y ..It didn't take a multitude of names to identify the single most influential artist of the twentieth century; the final family name, Picasso, would have sufficed. There you were, a small brown baby with darting black eyes whose works would one day inspire awe, rapt discussion, critical raves, political commentary. The name "Picasso" would become a household word for the pinnacle of modern art, a casual reference in elitist circles dropped in hushed tones to impress others with wealth and fame, a poster boy for an enfant terrible whose womanizing and public pronouncements were splashed daily on scandal sheets. But at four, all you could think about was doodling on your notepads in school after being banished for not doing your homework. Your mother once correctly observed: "If you become a soldier, you will be a general. If you become a monk, you'll end up as the Pope." You are on your way to becoming the Thomas Edison of modern art. But the path to fame is mined with obstacles. And it will take more than being a child prodigy to solidify yourself as the greatest artist of your time.

There is that one piece that will be the apex of your career. Which is it? How do arrive there?

1. Your reputation at the age of twenty,
Has the tongues of critics wagging plenty,
Your first show in Paris began your evolution,
To lead an artistic revolution,
With Gertrude Stein at your back,

**You can fend off any counter-attack,
Even a bunch of flowers foments respect,
To Cours Selaya you soon defect,
Whistle an opera tune ocean bound,
To an easterly turn past the House's sound,
In this famous open marché,
You'll find that perfect artistic bouquet.**



- 2. Your work was measured in periods of style,
First blue, than rose, than the cubist mile,
Life facet-nating all the same,
How many ways for interpretation to tame?
Ten to count and slide to find,
The destination town inside.
To Blvd des Anglais, then west, don't lag,
To look for what's encased in your bag.**



3. What Richard the Third asked in exchange,
For his kingdom now estranged?
Such is the subject of your quest,
And central to your greatest test,
Franco bombed a Spanish *village*,
You soon immortalized its pillage,
To the shouts of the Spanish Republica
Was your indignant manifesto, “Guernica!”
The central character of your feat,
Stands astride of Grandé Street
Things aren’t easy under the guise,
Of a restaurant’s unblinking eyes,
What screams the loudest in your work,
That war’s agony has made berserk?
To properly answer your artist’s call,
Venture back up Ave des Alpes to St. Paul,
You’ll need to get to the Route de Serres,
Heading back on the Bord de Mer,
6098 to 6007 to 2085,
At the 336 you’ll soon arrive,
The GPS stars won’t guide you in Provence,
Unless you add that the town’s “de Vence.”
A village gateway is your path,
Under the canons of the rebels’ wrath.



4. **Francoise Gilot helped you win the lottery,
 With a foray into pottery,
 She gave you two children before she left
 A union where fidelity was bereft,
 Hurt, you spited her by secretly wedding,
 Jacqueline Roque who you'd soon be bedding,
 The church bells for once announced the end,
 Of a playboy life that did depend,
 Upon your youth and drive,
 Which at eighty did not survive.
 In Vallauris, your ceramics soon found fame,
 With the name 'Picasso' at the main
 Back to the A-8 and west you drive,
 To exit 44 and the 535,**

**Then 100 less to Liberation Square,
To 06220 Vallauris you'll soon repair,
If closure puts things out of hand,
Find the sculpture of man and lamb.**



**CHECK IN TO YOUR AUBERGE NEXT,
AND A PHOTO OF THAT ACT YOU'LL TEXT,
AT LEAST TWO OF YOU WITH CLOCK ON WALL,
MUST POSE TO REGISTER YOUR LANDFALL.**

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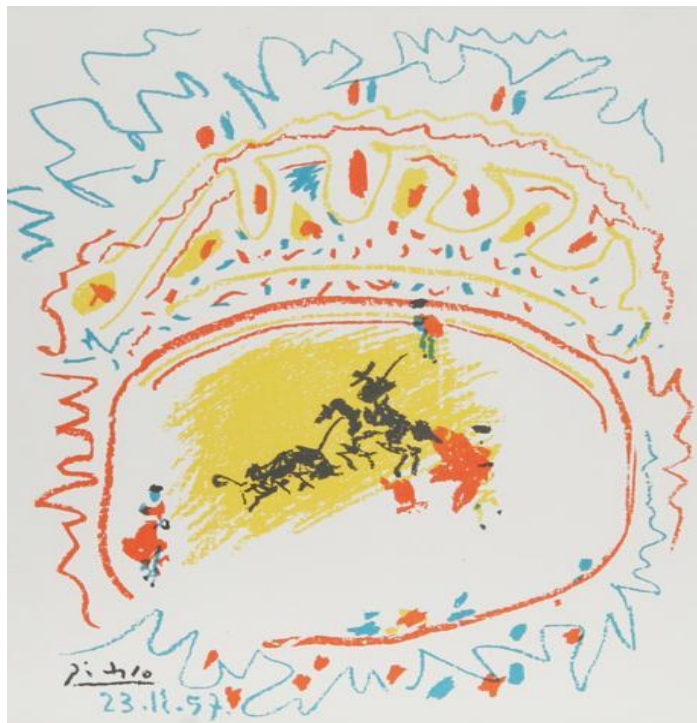
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SECOND DAY

5. In 1905 what spurred you to paint,
Was the image familial and quaint,
In your notable melancholy,
You still painted classically,
On Cours Mirabeau your colors are posing,
Near Les Deux Garcons you should be nosing.
Michel awaits with a welcome mat,
Your bag's pastel is where it's at,
It's a quick walk up Rue D'Italie,
A tree lined boulevard you're sure to see.
Who knew that a papeterie,
Held your secrets in a Gallerie ?
If you *frame* the issue well,
The period's shade should ring a bell.



6. **Bullfighting for some was a fashion
But for you like Ernest it was a passion,
A8 through Salon is a start,
To a Roman city you should now dart,
You're destined now to be a **S-A-L-E-R**,
In a place for a gladiator,
What is left for you to breach,
1001 *stands* within your reach.**



7. **With your *Les Desmoiselles D'Avignon*,
A two dimensional idea was born
It was much the subject of public scorn,
And treated like Primitivist Porn,
Remember what your mother said,
If a priest the order you would head,
Up the 570 where you were feted,**

**In other times you'd been beheaded,
A 1947 exhibit in the Grand Chapel,
Fortified your reputation at the swell.
Your paintings will garner great respect,
To the Great Palais you now defect.**



- 8. On the A7 North you should be fine,
At Sorgues a left would be sublime,
Your destiny's anagram could be a sleeping machine,
But it's more great wine country that we mean,
On your right through vineyards see,
Your castle's home and you'll soon be free,
Your fame with this last work will crown,
Natalie or Philippe should be around,
To commemorate your period Rose,
It's time to take on a musical pose,
When you spot your spirits, croon,
The lyrics of your bag's tune.**



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LITTLE CLUES

1 . In bouquet

**In a Grimaldi Palace with ocean views,
Your exhibits of cubist design made the news,
Admission paid for courtyard shows,
Up the parapets your stature grows.**

In bag : wooden cube with Antibes letters inside. Unscramble.

2. Guitar sculpture at Grimaldi Museum

**For a little trompe-l'oeil,
Hark to La Place Tilleul,
It's above another village gate,
Walk the path to appreciate.**

3. In horse sculpture at Place Tilleul

**A book by Tolstoy would best signify,
The chapel you are soon to dignify,
On the right there is a placard holder,
Don't rummage too much unless you're bolder.**

4. In War and Peace Museum or Lamb statue.

**Head to a place that's Aix-cellent
It's west on A8 that you're now sent,
Hotel Le Concorde is in the old town,
After the Pont de l'Arc, to 68 Roi René you're Belgian bound.**

SECOND DAY

- 5. You sat here and watched the gore,
Of a bull being killed by a toreador,
The inspiration you must replevin,
Through passage 127.
Or try a grate that's over space,
A level down in a dark place.**

6. Under bleacher seat 1001 at Arles arena

**In this holy place that knows no match,
In a Camerière's crevice a plot you'll hatch,
The # 7 Chambre Antiquaire
Was the crowning glory of your carrière.**

7. In Palais des Papes

**Les Fines Roches should next be admired,
It's like the Vauvenargues castle to which you retired,
Its rooked walls preside from valley's perch,
The tasting room at 84230 Route de Sorgues is your next search.**

8. On wine bottle at Fines Roches

**Completed is your masterpiece,
An artistic monument that rivals Matisse,
North past Montelimar on the A-7,
At the Chateau Bijou you'll be in heaven.**

PUZZLE PAINTING



OTHER

2a. A Russian ballet dancer caught your eye,
In a grand ceremony the knot was tied,
Soon the binds you will outfox,
In methods far less Orthodox,
Olga's tempest soon will wane,
With Marie Walther left to gain,
"You'll do great things together," you declared,
But with a great love you'll soon be paired,
Dora Maar if anyone was your muse,
But the privilege you soon abused,
And left her standing at the altar,
Your well-known libido did not falter,
Where was romance next to go?
But into the arms of mistress Françoise Gilot,
She gave you two children before she left
A union where fidelity was bereft,
Hurt, you spite her by secretly wedding,
Jacqueline Roque (pron. **ROC**), who you're bedding,
The church bells for once announced the end,
Of a playboy life that did depend,

Upon the youth and drive,
Which at eighty does not survive.
Where you parked is your next pitch,
Marry at 17 Blvd de Tzarewitch.



Though not a Franco sympathizer,
You made a name as a womanizer,
Only miracle works like St. Nick's,
Could have saved you from this marriage fix.

(directions: from parking at Meurice (Mereidien) up to Suede and left pass the
hotel towards Rue Halevy, rt. on Rue Maccarani, left on Rue de la Buffa, rt. on
Blvd. Gambetta)

Of circus performers that travelled around,

And entertained from town to town ,
On Cours Mirabeau your vagabonds are posing,
Near Les Deux Garcons you should be nosing.
Berets on, you should donate,
And the cat man will soon relate.
It's a quick walk up Rue D'Italie,

A tree lined boulevard you're sure to see.

